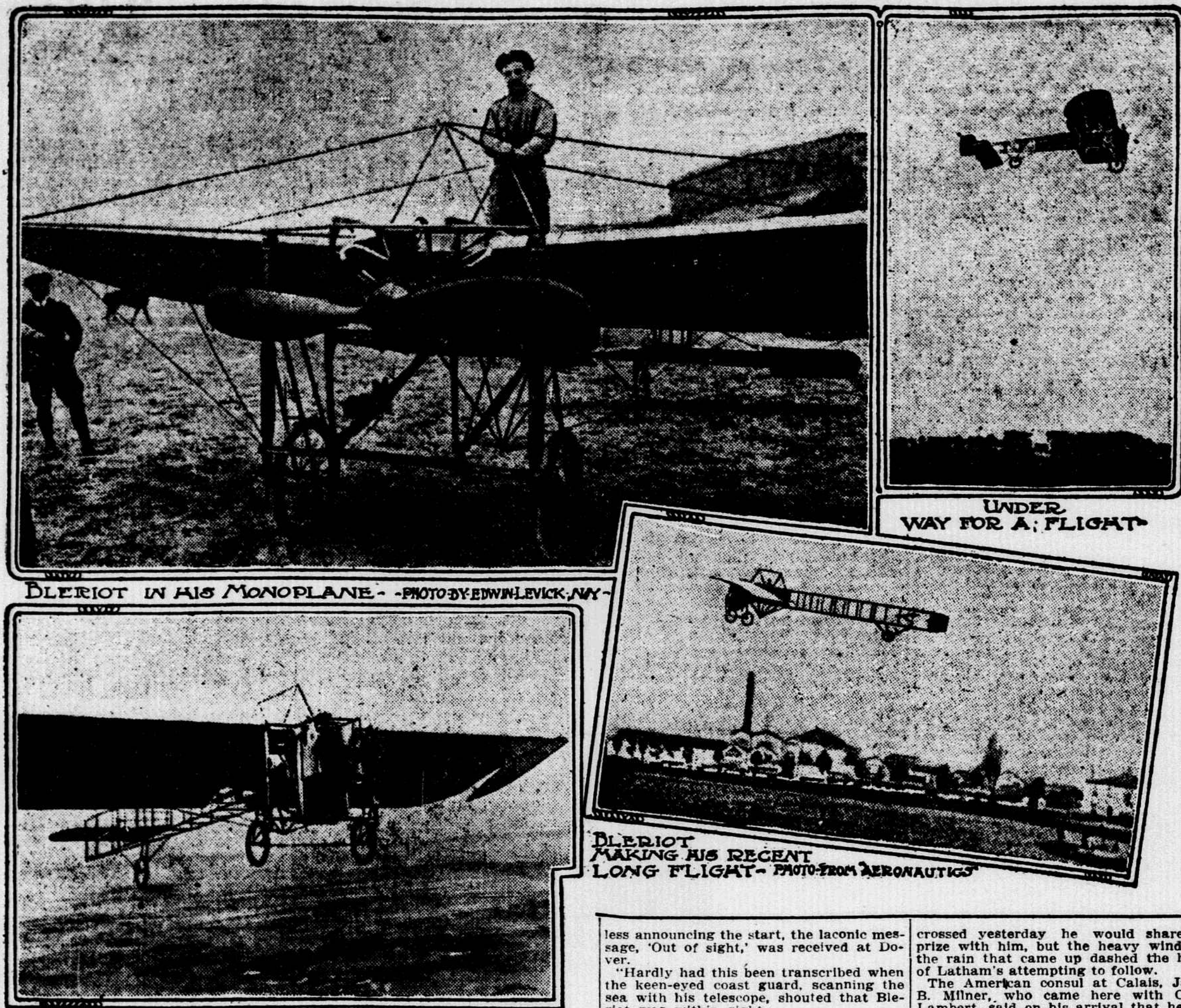


## THE MONOPLANE WHICH CARRIED BLERIOT SAFELY ACROSS ENGLISH CHANNEL



BLERIOT IN HIS MONOPLANE. - PHOTO BY EDWIN L. EVICK, N.Y.

UNDER WAY FOR A FLIGHT

BLERIOT MAKING HIS RECENT LONG FLIGHT. - PHOTO FROM AERONAUTICS

## OWN STORY OF FLIGHT

Bleriot Dared Stormy Weather and Made High Speed.

NOWHERE FOR 10 MINUTES

Out of Sight of Life or Land Suspended in Air.

ALL OVER IN HALF AN HOUR

Aeroplane Is Slightly Damaged in Heavy Drop to Land—Could Have Made Return Trip.

LONDON, July 26.—Louis Bleriot, the first man to cross the English channel in an aeroplane, winning the Daily Mail prize of \$5,000, tells the story of his exploit, which ended with his landing at Dover yesterday morning, as follows:

"I had decided to attempt the flight at the earliest opportunity that offered. My past experience had been that the early morning was the best time, as the wind was steady then.

"I got up at 2:30 in the morning in order to be ready, though I was not feeling well, my foot being painful. I motored from Calais to Les Baraques with a friend, M. Le Blanc, to see that everything was in readiness with the monoplane.

"As the wind kept steady I had the monoplane taken out of its temporary garage and on to the plain of Les Baraques, where at 3:30 I made a few trial flights. The monoplane flew perfectly, so I made up my mind to start at sunrise.

"Waited for Sun to Come Out.

"I waited for the sun to come out, the conditions of competition for the Daily Mail prize requiring that I fly between sunrise and sunset. At 4:30 daylight had come, but it was impossible to see the coast. A light breeze from the southwest was blowing and the air was clear.

"Everything was prepared. I was dressed in a khaki jacket, lined with wool for warmth, over tweed clothes and beneath my engineer's suit of blue cotton overall. A close-fitting cap was fastened over my head and ears.

"I had neither eaten nor drank anything since I rose, my thoughts being only upon the flight and my determination to accomplish it.

"Starts at High Speed.

"At 4:35 o'clock my friend Le Blanc gives the signal, and in an instant I am in the air, my engine making 12,000 revolutions, almost the highest speed, in order that I may get quickly over the telegraph wires along the edge of the cliff.

"As soon as I am over the cliff I reduce my speed, there being no need to reduce the engine. I begin my flight toward the coast of England. I have no apprehension, no sensation. The torpedo boat seems to me and makes perhaps forty-two kilometers per hour. What matters, I am making at least sixty-eight kilometers.

"Rapidly I overtake her, traveling at a height of eighty meters. Below me the sea surface is disturbed by the wind, which is now freshening, and the motion of the waves beneath me is not pleasant. I drive on for ten minutes more. I have passed the destroyer, and I turn my head to see if I am proceeding in the right direction.

"Leaves Destroyer Behind.

"I am amazed that there is nothing to be seen, neither the torpedo destroyer nor France nor England. I am alone. I can see nothing at all. For ten minutes I am lost. It is a strange position to be alone, guided without compass in the air over the middle of the channel.

"I touch nothing. My hands rest lightly on the levers and I let the aeroplane take its own course. I care not whether it goes for ten minutes I continue, neither rising nor falling nor turning, and then, twenty minutes after I left the French coast, I see the green cliffs of Dover Castle and away to the west the spot where I had intended to land.

"What can I do? It is evident that the wind has taken me out of my course. I am almost at St. Margaret's bay, going in the direction of the Goodwin sands. Now it is time to attend to the steering. I press the lever with my foot and turn easily toward the west, reversing direction in which I have been traveling.

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less announcing the start, the laconic message, "Out of sight," was received at Dover.

"Hardly had this been transcribed when the keen-eyed coast guard, scanning the sea with his telescope, shouted that Bleriot was within sight.

"Hastening to the cliff east of the bay, I was fortunate enough to arrive just a moment before the appearance of the aeroplane, which was flying fast, like a gigantic hawk. The craft approached the cliff, growing larger every instant. The noise of the engines was audible in a moment, so swiftly did it come.

"Bleriot swooped overhead, glancing from right to left, and then turning his machine to the east, came to the ground in the meadow. It circled with perfect ease, and made the landing gracefully and without a hitch. The landing was so light it was slightly damaged."

Enthusiasm Spills Breakfast.

M. Bleriot's friends took him quickly in an automobile to the old Lord Warden Hotel, by the pier from which mail boats depart. The aviator sat down to a breakfast of ham and eggs as calmly as though he had been out for an early morning walk.

But his compatriots were not so calm. They surrounded him in an excited group, expressing their enthusiasm at his achievement, shouting for joy and embracing and kissing him.

M. Bleriot was hungry, and he wanted to eat, but his friends insisted upon the continuous reception, with the result that three orders of ham and eggs were swept from the table and under his feet, while the hugging and kissing continued.

At this time a side door opened and a pretty young woman rushed into the breakfast room. Without warning she threw herself into the arms of the aviator. The woman was Bleriot's wife, and she had followed him across the channel on a motorboat.

Sobbing, she cried:

"Louis, Louis, mon cher Louis!"

She seemed wrought up into a high state of nervous tension by the great dangers her husband had passed through. The mayor and other Dover officials called and welcomed M. Bleriot in the name of the city and nation as the pioneer of international flight. It is likely that the freedom of the city, the highest honor in the gift of the corporation, will be bestowed on the aviator.

Flight Came Unexpectedly.

The townspeople of Dover, who have been on the alert for three weeks for the signal announcing that one of the aviators had started, were caught napping.

A gale was blowing during the night, and the weather forecast promised a strong wind and squalls in the morning. Hence the operators of the sirens on the steamships, which it had been arranged, should be blown when the flyer started, were absent from their posts. Only a few persons received the wireless warning of Bleriot's ascent.

Lafontaine, the aviator, arrived at the Lord Warden hotel from Calais at midnight. He declined a bedroom, with the remark that he had an appointment to meet M. Bleriot at 10 o'clock. The hotel people thought the mysterious stranger was joking.

M. Lafontaine came to the signal landing, the spot which for the night had been chosen, on the high ground back of the city, but he selected a cup-shaped depression, called the North Fall Meadow, two miles east of Dover, where the aviator would be sheltered from the wind in setting. There he planted the French flag. The sailors on the ships in the harbor were the first to discover that Bleriot was approaching. They heard the buzzing of the motor two or three minutes before they could discern the aeroplane. Then what looked like a great white moth glided over their heads as fast as a train of cars, and with almost as much noise. It reached the cliff near the gray turrets of Dover Castle, swooped around twice in broad curves and disappeared.

Relic Hunters Attack Airship.

It was not long before half the population of Dover, dressing as they went, were rushing toward North Fall Meadow. Photographers and cinematographers were crestfallen because they had missed the great event for which they had waited all day. Parts of the framework of the first to arrive were two customs officers. Close upon their heels were several police, and their services were needed to restrain the curio hunters, who immediately sought to pull the machine to pieces for souvenirs. Many others, foreseeing that the monoplane would be treasured as a historic relic, wrote their autographs all day.

The city officials conceived a happy thought, and, with Bleriot's consent, raised a tent about the machine, and charged a penny admission to view it. The profits from this enterprise will go to the hospitals and the police pension fund, and the exhibition did a rushing trade on the French coast, and he was guided without compass in the air over the middle of the channel.

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By his achievement M. Bleriot won the prize of \$5,000 offered by the London Daily Mail for the first flight across the English channel and stole a march on his rivals, Hubert Latham and Count de Lambert, both of whom had hoped to make the attempt yesterday.

This sleeping seaport town experienced the keenest thrill known in a generation when at sunrise yesterday morning a white-winged birdlike machine with loud humming motor swept out from the haze obscuring the sea toward the distant French coast, and, circling twice above the high chalky cliffs of Dover, alighted on English soil.

A calm Frenchman, Louis Bleriot, a portly and red-mustached man of thirty-seven, descended from the saddle of this, the Dover aeroplane to cross the English channel, limping on a bandaged foot. He had burned it with petrol on an earlier flight on the French coast, and he was guided without compass in the air over the middle of the channel.

I touch nothing. My hands rest lightly on the levers and I let the aeroplane take its own course. I care not whether it goes for ten minutes I continue, neither rising nor falling nor turning, and then, twenty minutes after I left the French coast, I see the green cliffs of Dover Castle and away to the west the spot where I had intended to land.

What can I do? It is evident that the wind has taken me out of my course. I am almost at St. Margaret's bay, going in the direction of the Goodwin sands. Now it is time to attend to the steering. I press the lever with my foot and turn easily toward the west, reversing direction in which I have been traveling.

Now I am in difficulties, for the wind

here by the cliffs is much stronger and my speed is reduced. As I fight against it my beautiful aeroplane responds. Still I fly steadily westward, chopping across the harbor, and reach Shakespeare cliff.

I see an opening in the cliff. Although I am confident that I can continue for an hour and a half and that I might, indeed, return to Calais, I cannot resist the desire to make the landing upon this green spot.

Circles Over Warships.

I see a fleet of battleships in Dover harbor and fly over them to a point where I see M. Fontaine with the French tricolor. I go in over the cliffs all right, but the descent is one of the most difficult I ever made.

When I get into the valley between Dover Castle and the opposite hill I meet a troublesome wind. I circle around the fortress, while about midchannel was a soldier in khaki run up and a policeman and two of my compatriots are on the spot and kiss my cheeks. The conclusion of my flight overwhelms me.

Thus ended my flight across the channel. The flight could be easily done again.

Shall I do it? I think not. I have promised my wife that after a race for which I have entered I will fly no more."

Mrs. Bleriot's pleading with her husband to abandon his dangerous occupation was fortified by the fact that they have five children.

Sleeping Dover Failed to Witness Air Flight.

DOVER, England, July 26.—England has lost her precious isolation.

For a Frenchman, Louis Bleriot, one of Britain's hereditary foes, has flown over the channel and has landed on this shore.

All the guns on all the warships and in all the fortresses would have been in position to halt or stay the friendly invasion.

The daring Bleriot left Les Baraques, three miles from Calais, at 4:35 a.m. Sunday, on one of the smallest monoplanes ever used.

He crossed the channel in thirty-three minutes, twice as swiftly as the fastest mail boat makes the passage.

Five miles out of the direct course and forty-five miles an hour; sometimes it approximated sixty miles. He kept about 250 feet above the sea level, and for his flight he used the whole length of the English coast, from the English coast to the French coast, and out of sight of both coasts and the French torpedo destroyer, Escopette, which followed him, with his wife and child.

The wind was blowing about twenty miles an hour and the sea was choppy. When at sunrise yesterday morning a single garment of drilling, impervious to the wind, which covered him from the top of his head to his feet, only his face showing. He wore also a cork lifebelt.

The time of the flight was the more marvelous because Bleriot flew four or five miles out of the direct course and had to fly five miles parallel with the English coast from St. Margaret's bay to Dover, a distance of twenty miles.

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